

*tight*wire

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Well another issue of "Tightwire" has been put to bed! We hope you enjoy this issue. If you do, please share it with your friends and encourage them to take out a subscription. We desperately need the business! Our finances are near bankrupt! Help!!!

"Tightwire" is making every effort to publish four times a year: Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.

Due to costs, "Tightwire" has had to increase our subscription rate to eight dollars per year.

A special thankyou to John Wiggins for his generous donation of a much needed electric type-writer.

Just a reminder that "Tightwire is always looking for material to print ie., jokes, poems, articles, short stories etc. If you would like to see it in print- send along to "Tightwire".

I hope you enjoy this issue.

From the desk of...

Editor: Janie Welsh

Asst. Editor: Bobbie McQuaid

Native Editor: Fran Sugar

CAPITOL PUNISHMENT

by Ulli Diemer

Almost 22 years ago on December 11, 1962, the last execution in Canada took place here in the middle of our neighbourhood, at the Don Jail, when the murderers Lucas and Turpin were hanged back to back.

Ten years before that in December 1952 the Don was the site of another double hanging when Jackson and Suchan went to the gallows at midnight while outside, waiting for news of the murderers' death, a drunken crowd milled about, celebrating and providing living proof of the uplifting effect which the death penalty has upon a society.

The deliberate legally sanctioned taking of a human life is a potent emotional totem, an act through which we participate symbolically in the forbidden act of killing. No wonder then that the "debate" over capital punishment is so emotional, so categorical, so barren of analysis of whether the death penalty actually makes practical sense.

The latest round of demands for the restoration of hanging illustrates vividly the blind emotionality the subject arouses. The demands are spurred by the recent killings of several policemen; supposedly the death penalty would be an answer.

Yet look at the nature of these killings. A teenager with no record of crime or violence rams a police car broadside without warning, killing the officer, and then shoots himself dead. A young man tells his girlfriend that he is going to shoot someone, goes out and machineguns the first handy policeman, then turns the gun on himself. A man lures a police officer to his home on a pretext, kills him, and then kills himself. A man who has sworn to his friends that he will never allow himself to be taken alive guns down a civilian and a policeman before being killed in a shootout in which another policeman also dies.

How can capital punishment be used to punish those who are already dead? How can it deter someone who is out to die? What possible relevance does the death penalty have to any of these tragedies?

In short, none. They are merely an emotional trigger for those who have come to believe that the abolition of the death penalty represents part of a slide to social chaos which could be reversed if only the noose were brought back. There have been many studies of the relationship between capital punishment and the incidence of murder. The universal conclusion has been that there is no relationship.

In the United States, it was found that states without capital punishment had slightly lower murder rates than those with it. In Canada, despite the recent incidents of police murders, killings of policemen have in no way increased since the death penalty for killing police officers was abolished.

In fact, the most policemen ever killed in Canada in one year, 11, died in 1962, when the death penalty was last carried out. The following year, with the noose put away, not a single policeman was killed. Hardly an indication that Canada is full of potential police killers held in check by the death penalty alone.

And common sense does suggest to us that anyone mentally stable enough to be deterred by anything is as likely to be deterred by the prospect of 25 years in prison as by the prospect of death. Neither threat is likely to deter the criminal who is convinced that he won't be caught anyway.

A prison sentence is not only an effective deterrent, but it also offers an important advantage over capital punishment: it is possible to make amends for a mistake. We have had in Canada three well-publicized cases recently of prisoners serving lengthy jail sentences for crimes they did not commit.

What resitution would it be possible to make to Donald Marshall, for example, if he had been hanged for the murder to which another man confessed after Marshall had served 11 years in prison?

THE LAST WORD: Capital Punishment, Part 11

by: Ulli Diemer

The death penalty, emotional beliefs notwithstanding, is not a deterrent. In country after country, it has been found that the existence, abolition, or re-introduction of capital punishment has no discernible effect on the murder rate.

What does have a discernible effect, on the murder rate, on other crimes of violence, and on the crime rate in general are various social factors. Every percentage rise in unemployment, for example, is accompanied by a corresponding rise in mental illness, suicide, and crimes such as wife beating, child abuse, robbery - and murder. This is not to say that being unemployed or poor directly causes people to become criminals - most unemployed people are no more likely to commit a crime than their counterparts. But it is to say that being unemployed with little hope of getting a job puts a serious strain on people. If they are young, male, and given to hanging around - what else is there to do? - that strain may well be compounded by regular harassment from police, who at times seem determined to turn such youths into police haters.

Most cope with the strains of poverty and unemployment in ways that do not bring them to the attention of the police. But inevitably some do not. And inevitably, as the number of the poor and the unemployed increases, so does the prison population. Society can't afford the small amounts required to help people become decently self-sustaining, but can afford to spend the far greater amounts required to keep people in jail. Canada stands out among Western countries for keeping more of its population in jail despite a lower crime rate.

Those who wind up in prison for a period of time are given plenty of encouragement in their choice of a criminal path by prison conditions which are designed to humiliate and frustrate rather than rehabilitate. Even so, there are those who demand that prisons be even harsher than they presently are. Their conviction is that penitentiaries aren't bleak enough, aren't brutal enough, don't do enough to degrade inmates. They prescribe jails that would be even more efficient in producing hardened and bitter criminals.



The rest of us, unless we are prepared to execute or imprison for life everyone ever convicted of any offense, may question the wisdom of this course of action.

Who do we want to eventually release back into our streets? A man who during his time in prison was treated fairly and humanely and given a chance to make a new beginning? Or a man who comes out bitter and angry, wanting to get revenge for the way he was treated, convinced by his experience in jail that all of society, including the state which put him away, operates on the basis of brutality, vengeance, and hypocrisy?

As any parent knows, we teach much more by what we do than by what we say. Not matter how piously we justify brutal prison conditions or capital punishment, the message we give is a simple one: violence and force are normal and legitimate way of dealing with problems. Even the state, with all its power and resources, chooses to use violence to keep people in line.

We may be sure that inevitably this is the message that will get across. In the United States, a study has even found that the publicity given to the crimes for people about to be executed has actually brought forth imitators who commit similar crimes.

The crimes of some murderers especially are almost beyond comprehension. It is hard to believe that a human being could sink to the level they have. But at least the rest of us can put them aside as sick aberrations. They are so far removed from us that some of the horror is taken away.

What is more horrifying, in a sense is the picture of a society cold-bloodedly organizing itself to kill. Deciding that killing people is a way to solve problems, and setting up a machinery to do so. Paying jurors and judges, carpenters and electricians, doctors and priests, and hangmen, all to take part in a planned and deliberate taking a human life. Paying them for their participation. All in a day's work. This kind of cold blooded killing is the most horrifying of all. Especially when alternatives are available, and we refuse to take the

TRANSSEXUAL BEHIND BARS

The reason I am writing the following article is to bring to your attention "Transsexualism within the Prison system". There are many frustrations, obstacles, and inner problems for the transsexual behind bars. First, the M-F is locked in a male institution, the F-M is locked in female institution, in both cases communication is very limited. What I am going to write about is my situation as a F-M within a female prison. I live it. I am twenty eight years old and I have served many years behind bars.

I live with approximately 110 women daily and it is not the paradise that most men may believe it to be! I find it extremely difficult to relate. I find women very different in their ways, their morals, and their way of dealing with situations. I have no outlet of communication of an equal level. I'm not saying that women are less: or not equal but there is a broad range of differences between myself and the women I live with. Administration classifies and treats "us" as female, and even if they know of our cases a person can't really expect anything else. It is frustrating. Other women serving time treat you as a gay female, this becomes very frustrating also. The constant reminder of having female body burns into your brain and slowly the frustration turns into anger.

There is an aspect of what the system calls treatment for persons who believe they are transsexual. There are directives that say we are entitled to an assessment by Clark Institute: yet the Clark refuses to deal with us while we are incarcerated. The directives also say that if a person can prove that sex reassignment is to continue after release that hormones may be administered: it seems that variation is uncertain without the Clark!!! Therefore it comes down to no treatment. There isn't any medical professionals in P4W that have any knowledge pertaining to Transsexuals in order for us to discuss the problems that may arise or else they have no time to deal with us. The most frustrating part for me is seeing the lack of interest and the lack of motivation in the staff to educate themselves.

I, as a transsexual take my life and my sex re-assignment very serious. I find that professionals here in the prison do not put any seriousness in the area of sexual dysphoria. They seem to think that it can

wait. I understand that there is not a possibility to start any operations while a person is incarcerated but how can a person make people understand that you live it every day and it is not something you can forget for the years while you are inside these walls? I am just saying that there should be an outlet, a person of whom you can talk out your problems with or at least to vent the anger. The system and all of its negative forces takes its toll on everyone after a few years as it is, and a man to be in a woman's prison is a prison that no one can feel or see. The hell exists daily. There are depressions that last for days and there is no one who can help. The staff have no information about resources or support systems and they don't want to acknowledge the need for them. I am fortunate I had the energy and the self determination to find organizations like Metamorphosis. Having communications with others F-M transsexuals has made a world of difference for me, at least I can express things openly knowing other's understand!!!

I am very strong in my inner person and exposure or ignorance does does not intimidate me at all. I feel very confident and secure as a man. I have begun to take a stand within the system and if nothing towards my own benefit maybe the staff will educate themselves and if there is a person sitting in my place in the years to come they may have a little consideration and understanding.

The halfway houses in the community are in conflict as to whether transsexuals should be released on day parole to their houses. The Elizabeth Fry Society is at least taking interest in acknowledging that there are human beings such as ourselves. Feminist groups are fighting the policy that allows transsexuals in women's halfway houses, they say that if a person thinks and lives as a Male they should not live in a female house. Which is true, yet the male halfway houses say absolutely no way to transsexuals. Catch 22. So do we stay in prison because of a birth defect.

Can people judge us with their own morals and or standards?? Transsexualism is not a defect that needs pity nor is it something that should be judged by other human beings rights and wrongs. Transsexualism does

not kill, inhumanity does after so much needless suffering. As a transsexual, I feel it is my responsibility to help people to understand our plight and also for them to accept me as a whole person. Fear of the unknown or lack of knowledge stands in the way of understanding. The transsexuals I have been acquainted with seem to fear rejection if they are exposed. Surprisingly, direct communication has been very good for me, even if people don't readily accept it; the seed of thought has been planted for examination by the individual. For me, self acceptance is more important than if the whole world accepts me.

I want to share a little thought with you all, in understanding, in human compassion, and in determination in that I hope it will inspire you as an individual to fight for your own personal "Freedom".

"If there were 300 miles of desert for you to walk in the blazing hot sun to get a drink of water to save yourself, would you not walk it?? Would you not save yourself though the desert is burning your feet?? Would you not at least try it and make it with all your determination and inner strength?? Or would you just lay down and die and say "I give up, I can't do it, I don't have the desire to save myself"?? And then you didn't die, but just lied there and prayed to be put out of your misery, and what if your end result was like Limbo and you had to lay there and think "if only I had tried to make it, maybe I would have failed, but what if I tried harder again and made it"?? But if I failed again I would know that I could find another way, and again another way. I'd find the energy to not just lay in the hot sun dying inside, thinking and wondering "WHAT IF".

Your BRO in the Struggle

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION

I am writing this article primarily so people inside and outside P4W will know how the proposed segregation/hospital extension the C.S.C. is planning to build will effect our lives behind the walls. But before discussing how this extension will effect us or whether we even want it, we better get the facts straight from the horses mouth.

The administration says that the new extension needs to be built for two reasons. The primary one is because various reports by community groups such as the E. Fry Society have condemned the segregation and protective custody areas and the hospital as substandard. The secondary purpose is to free up space for more general population cells. Apparently in the summer of 84', the general population reached 120, leaving only 3 empty cells in the building, sparking fears of double bunking.

The extension will be a separate building connected to the main building housing A & B range by a corridor that will run from the A.D.P. exit. It will cover the area in front of the shop, between "the little house" yard and the main building and extend out into our yard slightly further than A & B range already does. This means that the trees and flower beds between "the little house" and A range will be cut down.

One side of the new building will house the hospital which will have a dentists office, dayroom for the patients, a physiotherapy room, treatment and counselling rooms, 4 separate hospital rooms and 1 isolation room. It is still unclear how and where medication will be dispensed.

The segregation area is designed on a split level concept. There will be 2 identical cell block areas with 9 cells and a TV/common room on each level. Thus there will be a total of 18 cells and 2 TV/common rooms. Each level will have 5 cells on one side facing 4 cells and a TV/common room on the other but separated by a wall so there will be no direct contact between the cells facing one another. Essentially these 2 levels will be split up into 4 areas; one for P.C. with access to a TV/common room, 2 for administrative segregation (voluntary & involuntary) with access to the other TV/common room and "punitive dissociation" which will have no access to a TV/common room.

The administration claims that only 4 cells for "high risk" prisoners will be equipped with video cameras and all the cell doors will be of the solid metal type so good bye talking back and forth in segregation. There will be a laundry room, showers and a separate yard that all seg prisoners will use on rotating basis that will be located so that there can be no communication with general population prisoners at all.

Construction will begin in August or September 85' and is expected to take 18 months to complete, becoming operational in April 87'. Once this new building is completed the old seg on the other end of B range will be opened up for general population prisoners, possibly as an orientation range.

Now, how is this going to effect us and do we even want it? One of our main concerns is that the new seg building will be used as a SHU. When the administration was asked if part of this seg unit will be transformed into a SHU and it is not designed as a SHU". But no amount of assurances are guarantees that this won't happen, particularly since the design will make it easier to transform part of it into a SHU with it's TV/common rom, seperate yard and isolated from the general population.

No matter how you look at it a SHU and admin. seg are really just different shades of grey anyways. There are some differences but also similarities, particularly the fact that they are both a prison within a prison. The main difference between a SHU and admin seg is that people usually do a longer time in a SHU; usually no less than 3 years to work your way out of the 4 phases. A national SHU Review Committee consisting of the Deputy Commissioner and other top level authorities has to authorize the transfer of a prisoner to a SHU. They are supposed to base their decision on documented evidence not just suspicion that a person is dangerous. But what kind of documented evidence? Documented evidence can be verbal testimony from guards and other flimsy evidence which amounts to opinion rather than hard evidence. For example, the Commissioner's Directives define a "particularly dangerous prisoner" who is eligible for the SHU as one "whose documented actions or demonstrated intentions while in custody in any jurisdiction, or under sentence, constitute a persistent and serious threat to staff, inmates or other persons". Considering that under the present system, prisoners are charged with threatening for swearing at a guard, it's not hard to imagine the criteria for eligibility being stretched if there ever was a SHU for women.

Even though people do more time in a SHU, it's much easier for the admin to put a person in admin seg. A person can be put in admin seg for suspicion or for the good order of the institution without being charged for an indeterminate period of time. Even if they don't use it as a SHU, the "new and improved" conditions of admin seg will allow the admin to hold more women for longer periods of time without fear of repercussions from community groups about the substandard conditions.

Some prisoners think the idea of a new seg/hospital building is a good one because it will free up the existing seg for more general population prisoners so we won't have to double bunk. and the new building will provide better living conditions for those doing admin seg time.

But are there not a better ways of freeing up space than spending money building a "newer and better" prison within a prison? Do we want more money spent making the conditions of repression and security prettier and more presentable to the public? If the administration is so concerned about substandard conditions, there are many substandard areas that they could choose from? What about the substandard job training programs; what about the substandard medical treatment; or what about, not only the substandard, but cruel and unusual policy of shipping all women federal prisoners regardless of their personnel situation to Ontario? The C.S.C.'s choice of building a new seg building is a reflection of the increasingly repressive and law and order atmosphere of the 80's.

Most prisoners in P4W share a common concern that something must be done if the population continues to grow so we don't have to double bunk. But is the solution a new seg building? If we need more space, why not allocate a good portion of the money that would be spent on this extension, to come of the provinces to improve their facilities so more women who want to participate in the fed/prov exchange can choose to do so. It is certainly cruel and unusual punishment that women with families and children must be uprooted and shipped thousands of miles to Ontario despite the fact many of these women do not have long prison sentences or high security ratings. There is no reasonable answer why the money for the seg/hosp building could not be better spent improving conditions in the women's provincial prisons in Vancouver and Halifax, for example, so women from the west and east coast could choose to stay in their home province on a fed/prov exchange. This would help free up space in P4W and allow women to remain close to their family and community. As well, a certain amount of the money could be spent putting a TV/common room in the existing seg so women in admin seg 'won't be confined to 23 hour lock-up.

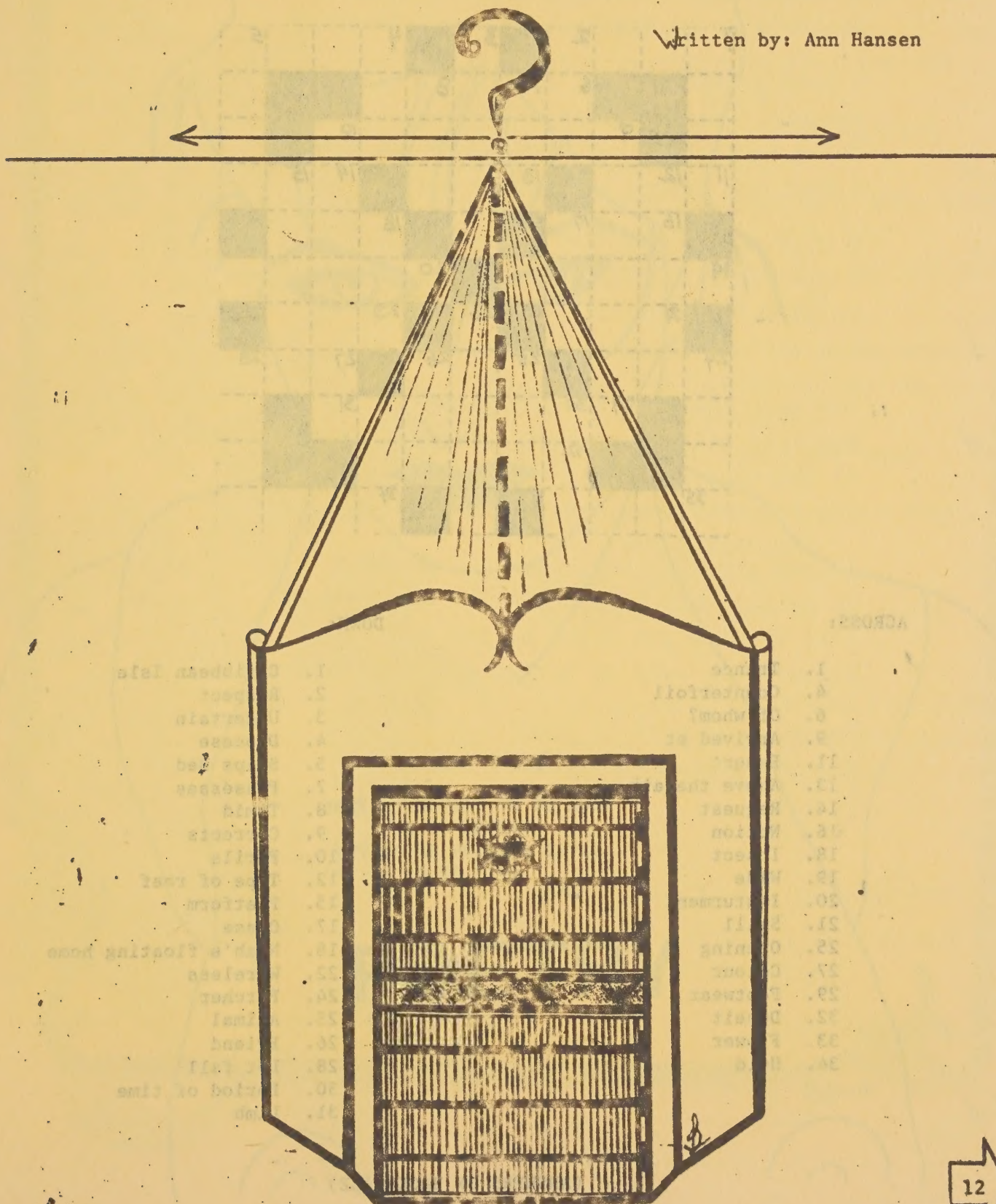
As for building a new hospital, anyone doing time here would sooner see the money spent on improving medical treatment rather than making cosmetic improvements to the physical environment of the hospital. Doctors should be available more days per week, medications like aspirin and laxatives should not be made as difficult to obtain as a prescription drug and preventive medicines such as vitamins and dental floss should be available upon request. Improvements in the quality and quantity of medical treatment are far more important than cosmetic improvements to the hospital itself.

There are many alternatives that the CSC could implement to improve substandard conditions and free up space at P4W. If the CSC were to put the same amount of money into community release programs such as halfway houses for women so that more minimum security prisoners could do their time in the community, as

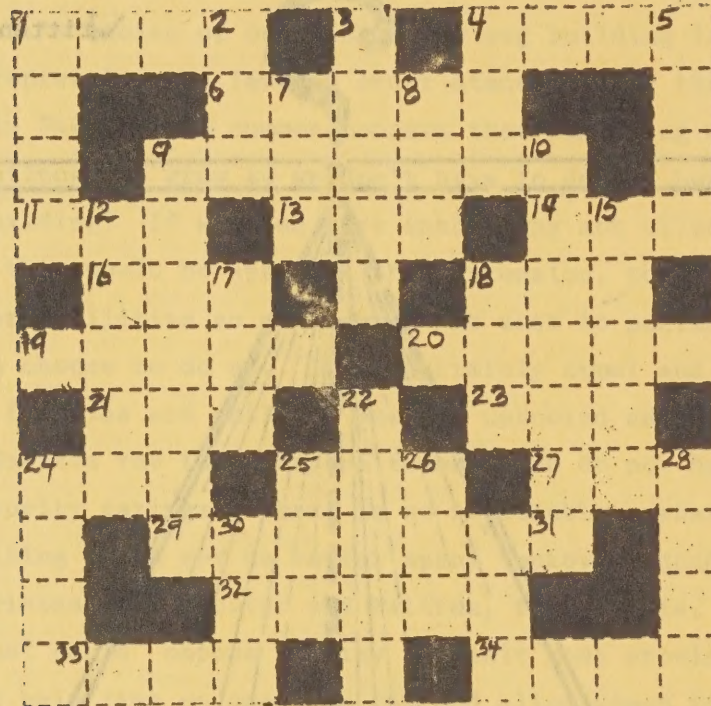
as they are into this seg building, then there would be more space at P4W and conditions would improve for minimum security prisoners who are presently doing time in a maximum prison.

The C.S.C. may want to argue that the public would not support community release programs but Gollop pools commissioned by the C.S.C. showed that 52% of the people polled supported community release programs for low-risk prisoners. Instead as spending thousands, if not millions of dollars, on building fancier cages in a prison within a prison, shouldn't the money be spent improving our chances for release? we can't be here forever.

Written by: Ann Hansen



Crossword



ACROSS:

1. Trance
4. Counterfoil
6. Of whom?
9. Arrived at
11. Expert
13. Above the air
14. Request
16. Notion
18. Insect
19. Wide
20. Instrument
21. Skill
25. Opening
27. Colour
29. Footwear
32. Deceit
33. Flower
34. Hold

DOWN:

1. Caribbean Isle
2. Respect
3. Uncertain
4. Diocese
5. Ships Bed
7. Possesses
8. Timid
9. Corrects
10. Perils
12. Type of reef
15. Platform
17. Obese
18. Noah's floating home
22. Wireless
24. Pitcher
25. Animal
26. Friend
28. Let fall
30. Period of time
31. Limb

JUST A THOUGHT TO BE LOST
IS TO EXSIST
BUT TO BE FOUND & LOVED
IS TO LIVE
F.C.

POETRY

IN MY CELL

Laying up in my cell, just can't sleep
Thinking about all the changes, just can't weep
Time will go on and I'll feel the fears
But only in my heart, I'll shed the tears

I look around, I feel lonely and blue
Because I know I can't touch you
I lay here thinking about where you are
I feel you close, but yet so far

I wake and feel so all alone
I can't shake this feeling, it's to the bone
We go through hell, that I can see
But for our love, it must be

For what they try to understand
But they will never know, it's out of their hands
So they think its all made of glass
If they only knew, it's just called class

I love and miss you, with all my heart
No matter what happens, we'll never part
I'll be with you right to the end
You are not only my lover, but also my friend

So baby, keep it in mind
Its only time, we'll leave behind.

Written by: F.C.

TO MY #1 MAN,
LAURENCE

Babe, above all else, you are my best
friend.

I can be totally myself with you, you ask
no more of me

You give me the freedom to be me without
condemning me,

I can laugh with you, cry with you, sing
with you and pray with you

I can open my heart to you and not have
to be on guard.

I breathe freely; I'm able to avow my
hates, my vicious spark, and my
absurdities

And in doing so, they are lost

You handle my heart with great care,
you understand

You see me, know me and love me

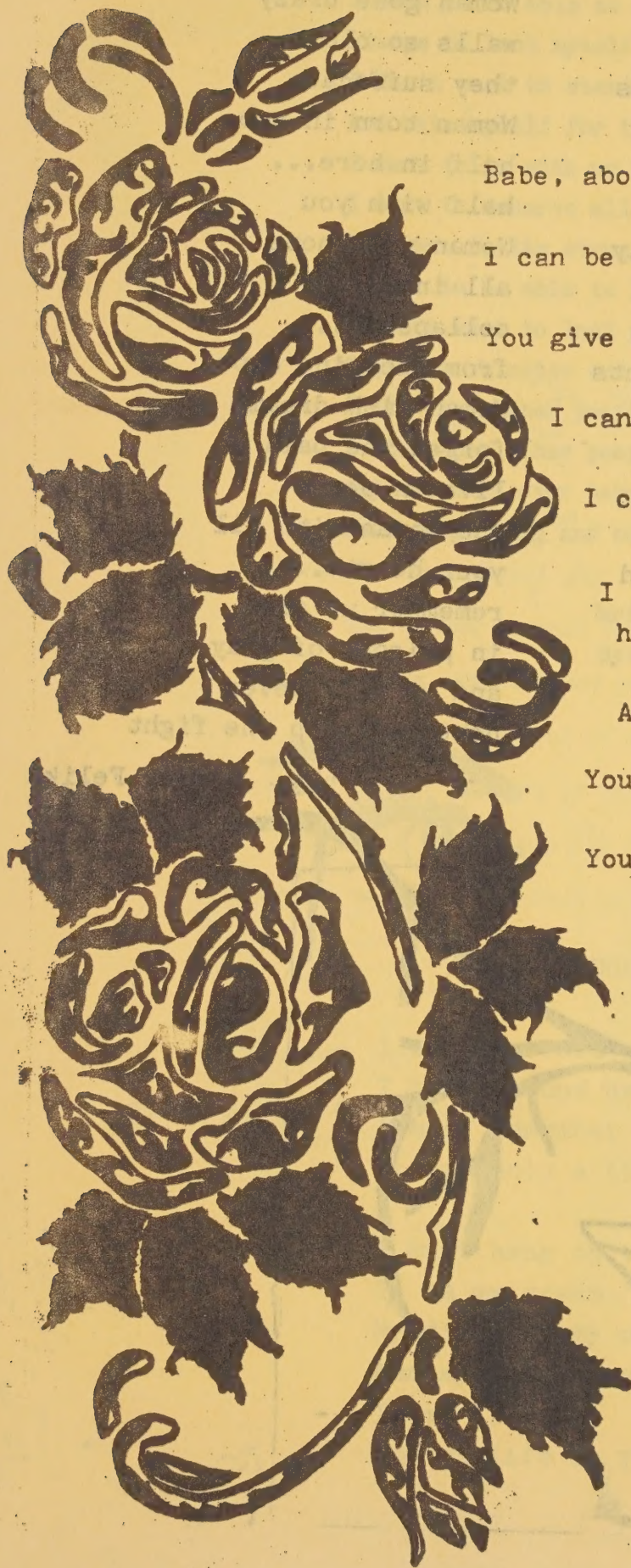
You are a big part of me and I
of you

I love you with my whole being.
Somehow these words don't seem
near as strong as I feel
for you

Time is our only obstacle
Keep strong, I will always be
here

YOURS FOREVER

Charley



Woman in chains
taken away...caged
Woman in pain
they laugh...who cares
right this way
Woman in pairs
with steel bracelets
don't they look pretty
locked together
Woman insane
for fighting the rights
to survive in peace
to live outside
Woman with pity
who hurt themselves
with slashes of blood
crying for help
Woman with pride
who fight this shit
Woman that love

hang on tight
Woman gone crazy
walls so close
they suffocate
Woman torn in two
half in here...
half with you
Woman with hope
all in veins
collapsed...
from shooting dope
Woman with dreams
forget the pain
live in peace
and woman with all
your heart...
remember we are
in prisons of gray
and we will never
never.....stop the fight

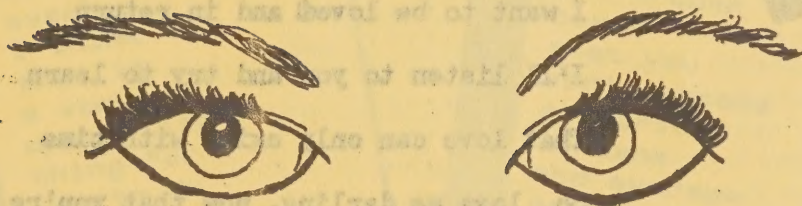
By: Audrey Feliks



I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done
I want to go with my head erect
I want to deserve all peoples' respect
For here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I am bluster and bluff and empty show
I see what other people may never see
I know what other people may never know
And so, what ever happens, I want to be
Self respecting and conscience free.

Written in the seventh grade

By: R.G.B.

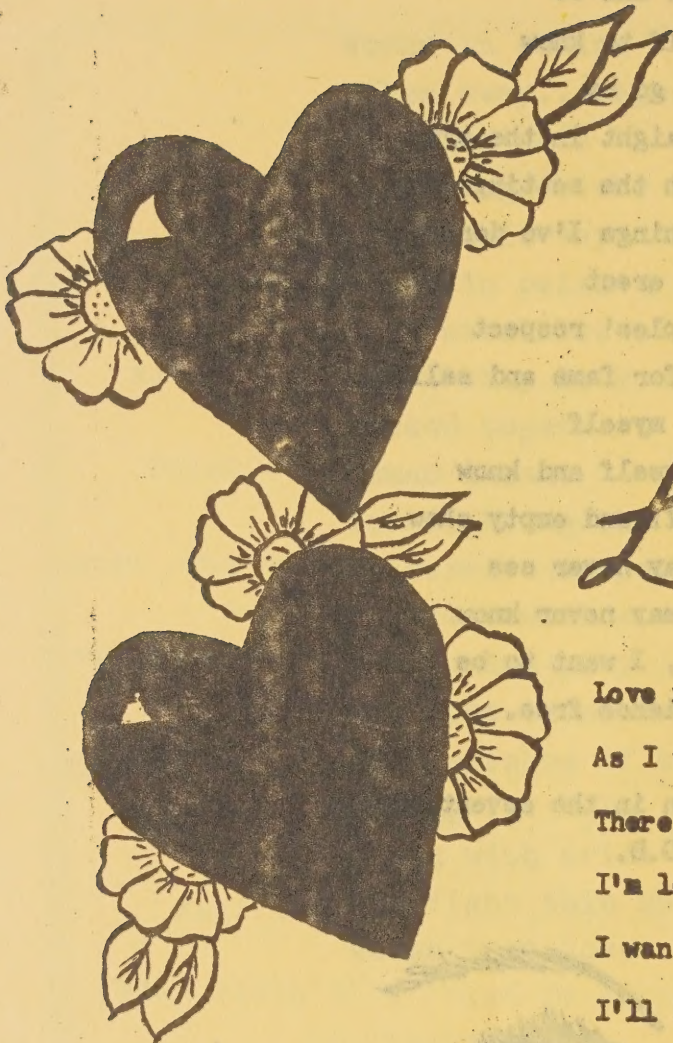


A THOUGHT

I sit here all alone
I turn around and you are gone
I must remember
It was only a thought

I must hang on to that thought
It is my dream
My dream is my only hope
And my only hope
Is my life
And my life is you

by: F.C.



LOVE IS [♡]

Love is..... holding your hand
As I talk, you listen and understand
There is no lies in what I say
I'm loving you more and more each day
I want to be loved and in return
I'll listen to you and try to learn
That love can only exist with time
So, love me darling, now that you're mine

Written by: Pheobe Reid
Toronto West Detention Centre

picture
me
in a room
full of
boxes
searching
through
them all
looking
for one
with
your name
on it
but
just when
it seems
I've
found it
you won't
fit it
and
I
have to
start
all
over
I think
that is
a very
unsettling
thing for
you to do
you are
supposed
to cooperate
in seductions
play by
the rules
don't rock
the
boat
but just
to be
sure

I've saved
all the
disards
and though
I haven't
any
awnsense
I have
quite a
collection
the only
trouble
is
I hope
that once
I've figured
you out
catalogued
your name
filled you in
the proper
boxes
that you
won't become
as boring
mundane
and average
as all the
previous
occupants
have been
or maybe
you just make
them
look that
way
and maybe
looking is
always
better than
receiving
I think you
you know
what I mean...

Diana Hartley



the darkness engulfs me
wrapping her warmth about my body
teasing my mind with her
energies
teasing me with her 'moments of truth'
her false promises-
and hopes, who's flickering light
dies slowly upon and before me...

and here I sit, once again
in my place of refuge, once again,
I am in the dark; in her...

but I have wasted too many years
wallowing away in self-pity and desire
hoping...always...hoping...she wouldn't return
once again returning home to me.

coming to me when my mind
was vulnerable,
least likely to suspect her-
to suspect 'anybody' of anything
a child: "don't let my hand go daddy!"
pleeease!!!!

my memories hold only 'flashing pictures'
then darkness.
she come when I'd needed
her most.
still...she came...

wrapping her warmth about me,
just once,
disappearing again to her own
cosmic 'faith'
visiting often thru-out my life,
standing me to my feet
only to knock me down again-this
darkness, I was her pleasure
using me to speak words she could not;
hurting me; abandoning me because I
knew not of myself,
oh how I'd worshipped her !!!

but, now I know of myself,
and still,
she comes...

heather



ONE DAY

I never knew that day to be
When came time to set you free
I am glad for all the good times we had
But in the long run, it was happy and sad
It was hard baby to set you free
I only hope in the long run you'll come back to me
You are mine I feel in my heart
I hope never again we have to part
I feel you have control of my mind
The things we do I try to unwind
True love does only hurt
Knowing in my heart your the flurt
Only I can understand
Cuz our love is like a rubber band
We are both of a kind
Very rare and hard to find
You will be with me thru thick and thin.
And out love will go to the very end

By: F.C.



JUSTICE???



Why do cons sit so glum?
Because here is justice to only some.
Keith Richards is addicted to smack,
For possession, a slight pat on the back.
In possession of the drug cocaine,
He would plead an addict is insane.
It's really becoming quite a bore,
A law for the rich, a law for the poor.
As you know it's not very funny,
But once again, his case was decided by money.
His lawyer gives out a few nudges,
No-price too small for Canadian Judges.
*McMurtry and friends all crying for fame,
But sadly "Justice" is only a name.
I myself will pick no bones,
But wouldn't it be great.....
If we were all 'Rolling Stones'.

*McMurtry - Gov. General, Ontario

Written by: Alan Bronstein
Clearwater, B.C.

**AND
JUSTICE
FOR ALL??!**

WARRIOR

WOMEN



Sisterhood Section

FOR STRONG WOMEN

A strong woman is a woman who is straining.

A strong woman is a woman standing on tiptoe and lifting a cedar log while trying to sing.

A strong woman is a woman at work cleaning out the cesspool of the ages and while she shovels, she talks about how she doesn't mind crying, it opens the ducts for the eyes, and she goes on shovelling with tears in her nose.

A strong woman is a woman in whose head a voice is repeating, I told you so, nobody will ever love you back, why aren't you.....

A strong woman is a woman determined to do something others are determined not to be done. She is pushing up on the bottom of a lead lid. She is trying to raise a moose on her shoulders.

She is trying to butt her way through a steel wall. Her head hurts. People waiting for the hole to be made say, hurry, you're so strong.

A strong woman is a woman bleeding inside.

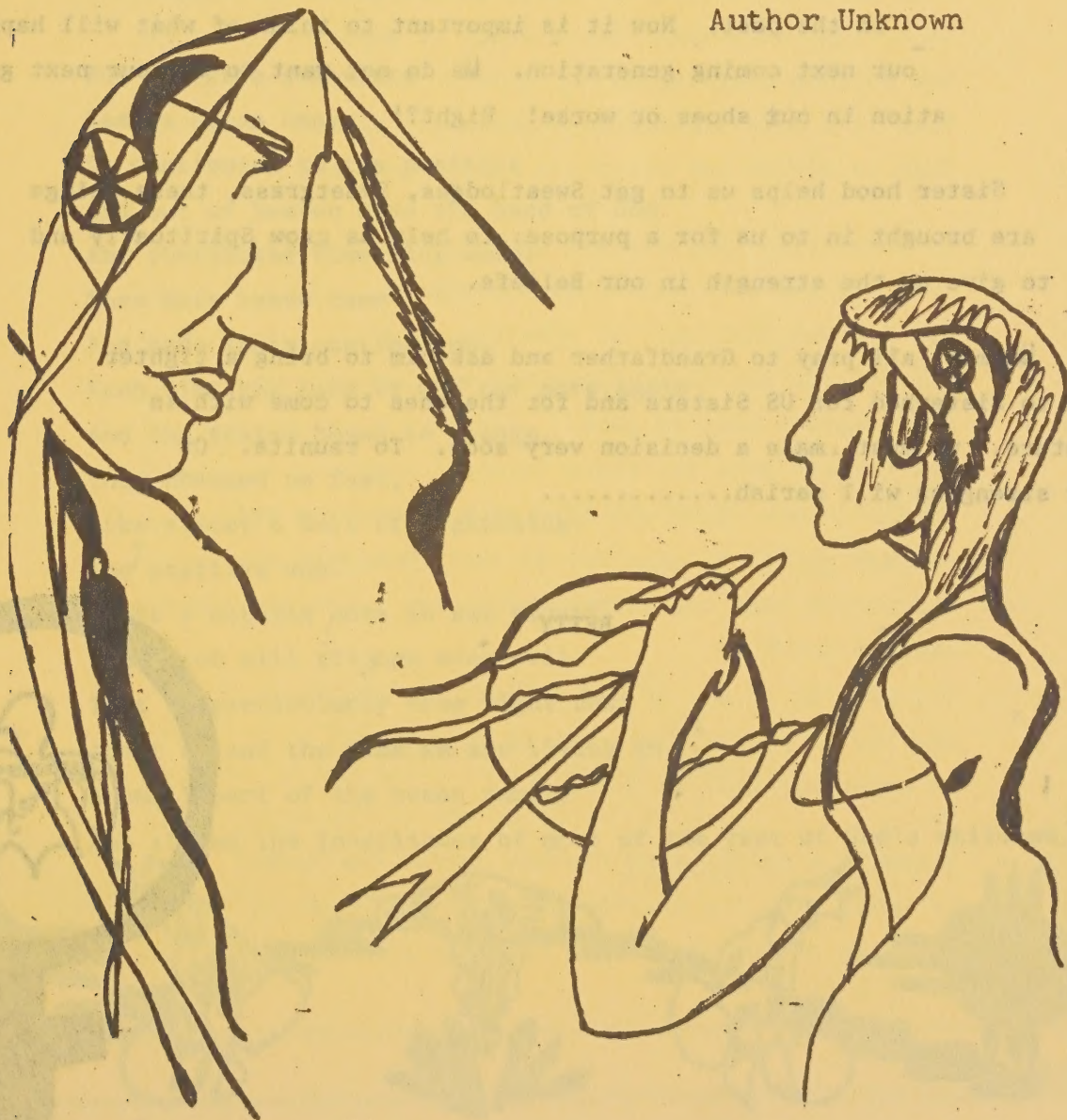
A strong woman is a woman making herself strong every morning while her teeth loosen and her back throbs. Every baby, a tooth, midwives used to say, and now every battle a scar. A strong woman is a mass of scar tissue that aches when it rains and wounds that bleed when you bump them and memories that get up in the night and pace in boots to and fro.



A strong woman is a woman who craves love like oxygen or she turns blue choking. A strong woman is a woman who loves strongly and weeps strongly and is strongly afraid and has strong needs. A strong woman is strong in her words in action, in connection, in feeling; she is not strong as a stone but as a wolf suckling her young. Strength is not in her, but she is strength as the wind fills a sail.

What comforts her is others loving her equally for the strength and for the weakness from which it comes, lightning from a cloud. Lightning stuns. In rain, the clouds disperse. Only water remains, flowing through us. Strong is what we make each other. Until we are all strong together, men and women, a strong woman is a woman strongly afraid.

Author Unknown



December 5th, 1984

To my Coppertone Sister:

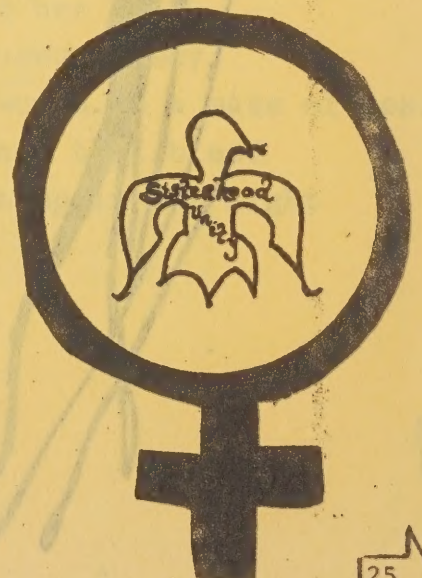
As we all know we are Brother's and Sister's in this creation! Native or non-Native we should all help each other! But due to the hatred going on in this world it is most important that the Native people should be more close as Brothers and Sister's. That is what Sisterhood is there for, to help one another through the struggles and to grow... We have been wiped out all over through the passing of time but we cannot dwell on that!!!!

That has past, it is time to forget what happened to our people in the past. Now it is important to think of what will happen to our next coming generation. We do not want to see our next generation in our shoes or worse! Right?!

Sister hood helps us to get Sweatlodges, Sweetgrass, these things are brought in to us for a purpose: to help us grow Spiritually and to give us the strength in our Beliefs.

We must all pray to Grandfather and ask him to bring a tighter bond to Sisterhood for US Sisters and for the ones to come with in the future. we must make a decision very soon. To reunite. Or all our strengths will parish.....

BETTY

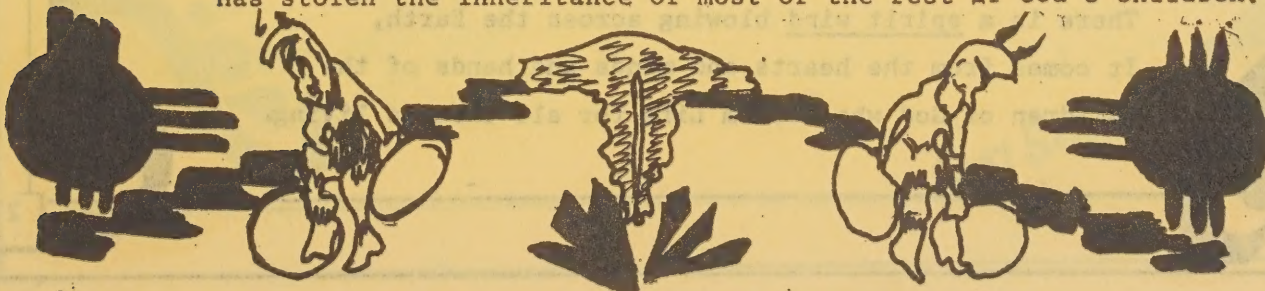
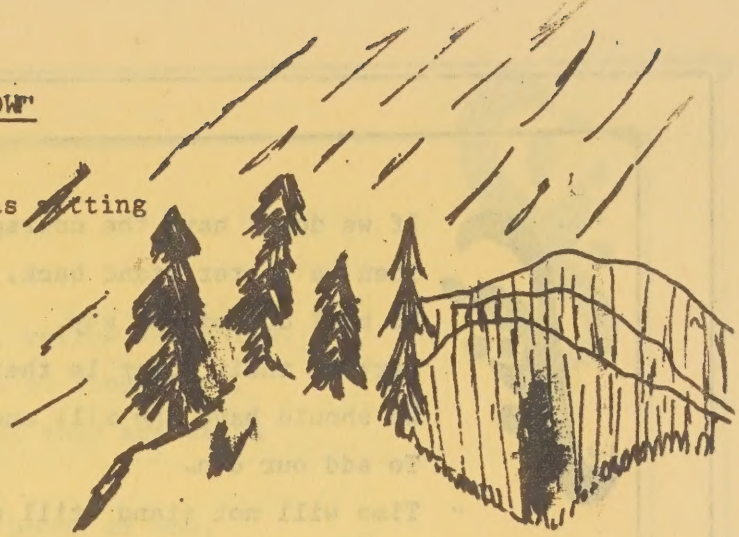


"A VISION FOR NOW"

About twenty-five years ago I was sitting
At my kitchen table
Not thinking or doing anything
in particular
And this is what I saw
Way off in the distance
Beyond the reach of human eyes
I saw a set of scales.

They measured the weight of evil and good
Or the weight of negative and positive
The scales weighed down on the negative side,
They couldn't go down any further.
There seemed no hope for human life
The negative was the winner.

But out from somewhere
Came a human hand.
It contributed to the positive
And out of heaven came the hand of God
And contributed something more;
Then more hands came
And made their contribution.
Each time the hand of God put more again
And the scales began to change.
They changed so fast,
Like almost a bolt of lightning.
The positive won.
There's nothing more to say except
That good will triumph over evil.
That is particularly true right now;
About us and the time we are living in.
A small part of the human family
Has stolen the inheritance of most of the rest of God's children.



If we don't have the courage or the vision

Then we better stand back,

To hell out of the way.

Part of their power is their impatience.

We should have the will and the courage

To add our own.

Time will not stand still and wait for us.

This vision that came was a message

That speaks to this time right now

when everything seems so hopeless

And the chances for peace so poor.

It was meant to give us hope and courage

At a time when almost the only answers that we get

From leaders and captive state governments

Is to lock ourselves into a dance of death,

The purpose seems to be

That it's more important to celebrate death

Than to affirm and celebrate life together.

It seems like they want us to celebrate (death)

Not only for the whole human family

But for all this part of creation,

This vision says that for every small positive,

Contribution that we make

The Creator puts his share in too.

It distresses me no end that so many pray to God

And ask Her to do this and do that, but seem not to

Understand that our part is to be her hands and her feet

And her voice.

Our part is to get up and (change the world),

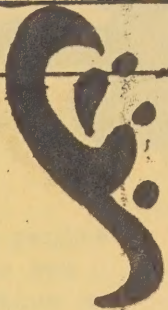
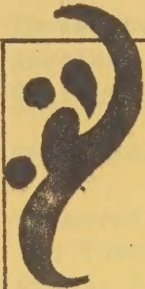
And the only place to start is within you,

No other way will it work

There is a spirit wind blowing across the Earth,

It comes from the hearts and minds and hands of the

Children of God who affirm Life for all that is living.



Their colours are black, red, yellow and white,
They are engaged in the dance of liberation,
And the name of the power that they are using
Is called L.O.V.E.

The invincible, irresistible power of God,
which he shared with us as one of our many gifts.
But it will do no good unless we use it.

Yes, we must engage in the dance of life.
we must liberate ourselves from stifling institutions
And begin to celebrate our humanity together
Because Life was not given for us to endure
But to celebrate.

And God's dream for us will not be accomplished
By hiding in our little dark corners
And shaking in our boots.

Listen to the teachers, the young ones.

They're saying we want a new world,

But we need it right now.

Do we need to wait and talk about it first?

Or just get up and do it?

Time will not wait for us

And those involved in the game of death

Could get us hooked

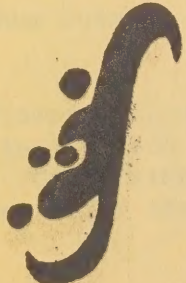
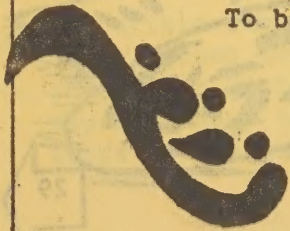
Because it's the only (game around)..

I have an abiding faith in the God

That I pray to;

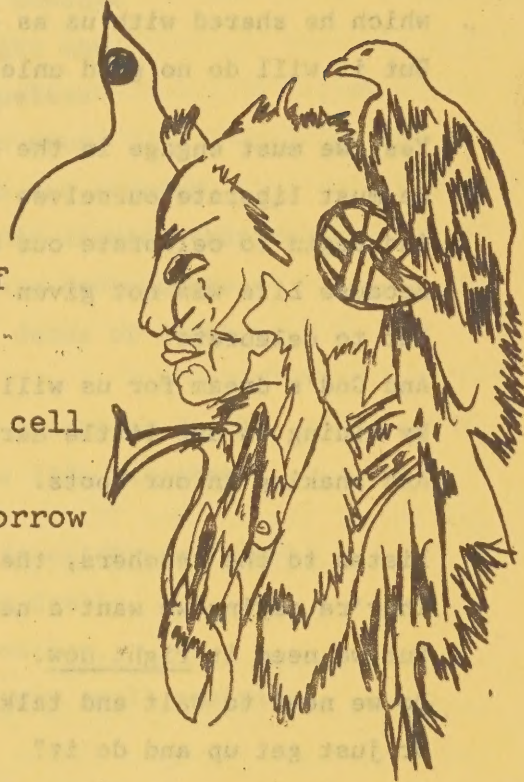
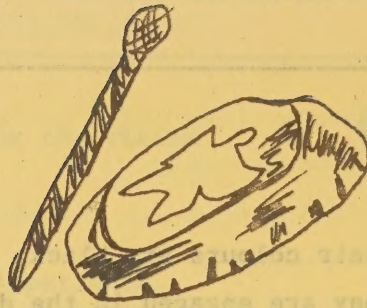
That he is not going to allow his creation

To be destroyed by the hands of Fools.

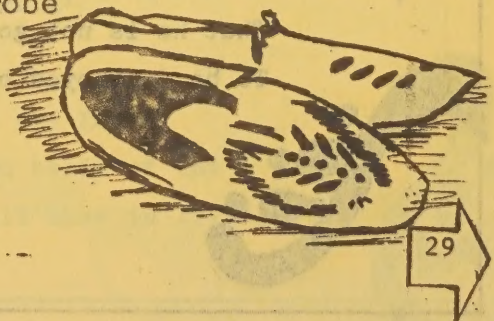


ART SOLOMON

Here in this
Lonely cell
Are no happiness
In my tomorrows
For I am watched
Constantly in the hell
I'm slowly sinking into.
Not even a bird
Singing outside
Could hush my noise
The noise of anger
Shouts of threats
Within my heart
A cry left for relief
A cry for freedom
And relaxation
Instead here in this cell
All memories
Are sinking each tomorrow
Without a reason
Or crime
No one person
Need not convince me
That I'm a slave
Here in hell
For there is not a light
To freedom
Only breath of anger
Here in my cell.



By: Rose Turningrobe



These are some prayers from "Thanksgiving Address of the North American Indian", published by the North American Indian Travelling College, R.R. #3, Cornwall Island, Ontario K6H 5R7, 1977.

The words that come before all else; a spiritual way of communication:

Whenever our people get together, a speaker is chosen from among us to recite the Thanksgiving Greetings on behalf of all the people. He chooses his own words, but the general form is traditional. It follows the order in which we relate to all of the Creators' works.

Since we are all a part of the same creation, then we must all acknowledge each other as brother and sister.

Through this address, the Creator is introduced into a ceremony, social dance, or council. Then at the end of the meeting, the address again brings the minds of the people together before we leave for our homes.

THE MOTHER EARTH

We give thanks and greetings to the earth; she is giving us that which makes us strong and healthy. She supports our feet as we walk upon her. We are grateful that she continues to perform her duties as she was instructed. The women and mother earth are one; givers of life.

We are her colour, her flesh, and her roots. Once we acknowledge and respect her role, then begins a true relationship, and all that is from her returns to her.

THE FOUR WINDS

We listen, hear their voices as they blow above our heads. We are assured that they follow the instructions given them, sometimes bringing rain, and renewing the waters upon the earth. They always bring us strength. They come from the four directions.

The air and the winds are still active in the changing of the seasons. Winter is the time when the earth is covered with snow and cold winds blow. Summer wind causes life to continue. In the fall season life matures and gets ready for the continuation of the cycle once more.

You refresh us and make us strong. For this we give greetings and thanksgiving.

OUR GRANDFATHERS, THE THUNDERERS

We call them our Grandfathers. They are the Thunder People. We are of one mind that we should give them greetings and thanks.

Our Grandfathers have been given certain responsibilities. We see them roaming the sky above, carrying with them water to renew life.

At certain times we hear our Grandfathers making loud noises. Our Elders tell us their voices are loud to suppress the powerful beings (not of his making) within the Mother Earth, from coming to the surface where the people dwell. Grandfathers, you are known to us as protective guardians and as medicine, so we now offer these words of thanksgiving.

THE DAY SUN

Our thoughts turn toward the sky. We see the day sun, the source of all life. We are instructed to call him our eldest brother. He comes from the east, travels across the sky, and sets in the west. With the sunshine we can see the perfect gifts which we are grateful for.

Brother Sun nourishes Mother Earth and is the source of light and warmth. The cycle sun changes; during the winter months we say, "She wears a blanket of snow." As the cycle continues the sunshine and heat become stronger to allow all life forms to be reborn.

Our brother is the source of all fires of life. With every new sunrise is a new miracle; for this we are grateful.

THE MOON OR NIGHT SUN

In our world we have night time or darkness. During this time we see the moon reflect lights, so that there isn't complete darkness. We have been instructed to address her as our Grandmother. In her cycle she makes her face new in harmony with other female life.

She is still following these instructions and we see her stages. Within these are the natural cycles of women. She determines the arrival of children on earth, causes the tides of the ocean, and she also helps us measure time.

We know that there are two sides to the natural flow, for day time there is night. They are on equal balance yet. Our Grandmother continues to lead us. We remain grateful, and we express our thanksgiving.

STARS

The Stars are helpers of our Grandmother Moon. They have spread themselves all across the sky. Our people knew their names and their messages of future happenings, even to helping mold individual character of mankind.

When we travel at night we lift our faces to the stars and are guided to our homes.

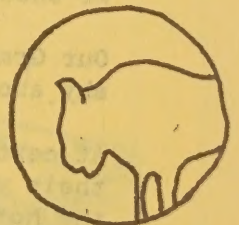
They bring dew to the gardens and all growing plants on Mother Earth.

When we look in the sky to the vast beauty of the Stars, we know they are following the way the Creator intended. For this we offer our greetings and thanksgiving.

THE SKY DWELLERS

The four powerful spirit beings who have been assigned by the Creator to guide us both by day and night are called the Sky Dwellers. Our Creator directed these helpers to assist him in dealing with us when we are unhappy and of many minds here during our journey on Mother Earth. They know and see our every act and they guide us with the teachings that the Creator established.

For the power of direction, we give greetings and Thanksgiving to these four beings, his helpers.



THE CREATOR

Now, we turn our thoughts to the Creator. we will choose our finest words to give thanks and greeting to Him. He has prepared all these things on earth for our peace of mind. Then, he thought, "I will now prepare a place for myself where no one will know my face, but I will be listening and keeping watch on the people moving on the earth."

And indeed, we see that all things are faithful to their duties as He has instructed them. We will therefore gather our minds into one and give thanks to the Creator.

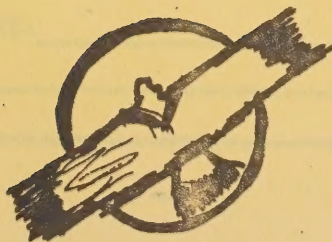
CLOSINGS WORDS

We have directed our voices toward our Creator in the best way that we are able to do. Let it be our thought that we will abide by his word so that we may yet be happy.

If we have left something out, or if there are some who have other needs or other words, let them send their voices to the Creator in their own ways. Let us be satisfied that we have gone as far as it was possible to fulfill our responsibilities

These Thanksgiving prayers are delivered before and after all meetings and ceremonies of traditional Iroquois people. Native people of other nations have told that in prayer we all face in the same direction. Therefore, we are proud to share with the Creator's children these thoughts of gratitude for life.

we believe that the Creator wishes us to regard the life cycle with the greatest respect and appreciation. Our thanks are to be expressed at every new sunrise.



ANSWERS

ACROSS:

1. Coma
4. Stud
6. Whose
9. Reached
11. Ace
13. Sky
14. Ask
16. Off
18. Ant
19. Broad
20. Organ
21. Art
23. Keg
24. Elm
25. Gap
27. Red
29. Sandals
32. Guile
33. Robe
34. Grip

DOWN

1. Cuba
2. Awe
3. Rocky
4. See
5. Bunk
7. Has
8. Shy
9. Reforms
10. Dangers
12. Corals
15. Stage
17. Fat
18. Ark
22. Radio
24. Ewer
25. Gnu
26. Pal
28. Drop
30. Age
31. Leg

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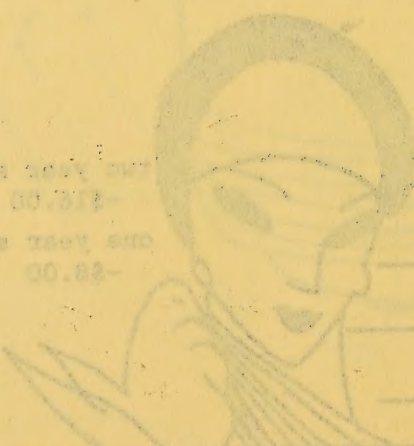
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